

October 17, 1937

SADDLE MOUNTAIN TRIP

Scheduled as possibly rainy or an "above the clouds" affair, this trip proved to be both and more, as the sun did come out and shine too.

A rude awakening by the alarm clock at 6:15 A.M., a squint out of the window to behold a swell, calm, foggy, rainy morning; how can such things create enthusiasm for a mountain climb? Anyway, I climb into the hiking togs, have breakfast, load up the pack sack with extra duds, lunch and camera and hi-tail for Hildebrand's Store.

Am I too early, or is no one else going? Oh no, there is John C. soon followed by nine other handy mountaineers, predicting various kinds and degrees of weather for the day.

After allowing fifteen minutes grace for any "pansies" who might make a last minute decision to get wet, we, 6 men and 5 women, loaded into two cars and were on our way. As we proceeded toward Seaside the rain fell in torrents and we each freely admitted being crazy although no one developed courage to agree with anyone else on the subject.

At Seaside a few minutes stop was made to observe the weather which had improved slightly, look at the drug store windows and allow John to read the morning paper without buying one.

On our way again, out to the Wolf Creek highway and then on the CCC road, we proceed to Base Camp. Shall we climb the mountain? Sure thing. Should we take lunch and coffee along and eat on top? Sure, we will make coffee and eat on top or not eat at all.

Shoes changed and rain coats donned, we shooed Helen into the brush in the direction the mountain should be and followed her. We were soon at the "Chimney", but as most of us had taken our semi-annual bath on Saturday night, we detoured around it.

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Helen proved to be a very able leader, although early in the trip she discarded the leaders insignia (coffee can and makings) and it was worn by various members of the party. In spite of her eagerness to see the top she held us back to a moderate gait and thus spared the rear guard the unpleasant duty of shooting exhausted climbers.

Without mishap or difficulty, the saddle was reached. The view in all directions consisted of a pure white fog bank through which nothing could be seen more than a hundred yards. The drizzling rain continued and a light breeze developed. After a brief rest we headed up the trail to the wood pile and shelter rock where our genial guest Walter Christensen volunteered to start a fire, while the others went up to the cabin to register and to the spring for a drink and coffee water. The cabin was found to have been repaired and sealed for the winter.

Registering and formal presentation of a button to Helen ~~Stadt~~ completed, a rush was made for lunch. A few of the more wise found places under the rock where they could not get away from the smoke from the fire and where they were greeted by the large water drops from the rock. The more unfortunate stood in the drizzling rain to eat, and did not get so wet. During the meal there were various suggestions made for improving this rock shelter. Some favored digging a cave under it; others favored only clipping the rock forward to increase the overhang. All, however, seemed to favor letting "George" do the work, so the shelter will be unchanged for the next trip.

The descent was made by the long trail without any noteworthy events until we were about half way down, when the fog partially cleared away so that a large section of the lower country could be seen, and the sun really came out. As we descended the air became clearer and clearer. When we approached the big rock at

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the left of the trail near Base Camp some ambitious Angora suggested climbing it. Most of us agreed and were soon on top. A very good close view of the mountain can be obtained from this point and it is a worth-while point to climb. Here the camera fans could not resist the urge any longer and took a couple shots.

Back to Base Camp the bank was opened, fees and fines paid, wet clothing discarded and the homeward trip started. The usual stop was made for refreshments at Daly's in Seaside where we met a number of "pansies".

Making the trip were: John Cornilson, Ester Girod, Reuben Jensen, Esther Juntti, Mary McCann, Helen Staadt, Arthur Stangland, Winnie Wing, Walter Christensen, Ernest Block, and the trip historian, Ralph Horton.

